The PROTESTANTS
TRIUMPH:

OR, The Prince of *ORANGE* joyfully Entertained in the City of *London.*

To the Tune of, *A Touch of the Times*

THrice Welcome to London, that Renowned Prince,
Who freely stood up for the Nations Defence:
Nay, when we were sinking and ready to fall,
Then did he step in and Deliver us all;
When we on the brink of sad Ruine did stand,
'Twas done by a Mighty Miraculous Hand:
Ne but little Blood in this Nation did spill,
The Great Prince of *Orange* may Heaven bless still.

He is not Ambitious of wearing the Crown,
But still does design to keep Popery down;
And therefore he ventur'd the Tempestuous Seas,
When he might have tarry'd at home at his ease:
But 'twas for our good, as it well does appear,
That he was so Graciously pleas'd to come here:
No Trouble nor Danger his Courage could kill,
The Great Prince of *Orange* may Heaven bless still.

The PROTESTANTS
TRIUMPH:

OR, The Prince of *ORANGE* joyfully Entertained in the City of *London.*

To the Tune of, *A Touch of the Times*

THrice Welcome to London, that Renowned Prince,
Who freely stood up for the Nations Defence:
Nay, when we were sinking and ready to fall,
Then did he step in and Deliver us all;
When we on the brink of sad Ruine did stand,
'Twas done by a Mighty Miraculous Hand:
Ne but little Blood in this Nation did spill,
The Great Prince of *Orange* may Heaven bless still.

He is not Ambitious of wearing the Crown,
But still does design to keep Popery down;
And therefore he ventur'd the Tempestuous Seas,
When he might have tarry'd at home at his ease:
But 'twas for our good, as it well does appear,
That he was so Graciously pleas'd to come here:
No Trouble nor Danger his Courage could kill,
The Great Prince of *Orange* may Heaven bless still.

To stand for Religion is all his Design,
His heart is so Gracious, so God and Divine,
And therefore in pity, he came to subdue
Those Troubles and Dangers he fear'd wou'd ensue:
'Twas time to stand up for the Protestant Cause,
When as they endeavour'd to make void our Laws;
But yet I do hope they shall ne'r have their Will,
The Great Prince of *Orange* may Heaven bless still.

With loud Acclamations he was Welcom'd in,
And he does the hearts of all Honest Men win;
While Bells they are Ringing, and Trumpets do sound,
The Kings Healths and Prince does go merrily round:
For I hope that he ne'r will endeavour to wrong
Our Monarch Great James, who to us does belong,
But settle our Laws by the best of his skill,
The Great Prince of *Orange* may Heaven bless still.

The most of his Army we see are inclin'd
Unto a most Noble and Generous Mind;
Behaving themselves here most gallant and brave,
Both Silver and Gold in their Pockets they have;
They come not to burthen this Nation at all,
But freely they pay for what ever they call;
By which they have purchas'd the Nations God-will,
The Great Prince of *Orange* may Heaven bless still.

There's each drooping Soul which did formerly grieve,
They having much reason, alas! to believe
That Popery over the Nation wou'd spread;
This filled their hearts with much sorrow and dread:
And yet when our hopes they were quite at an end,
The Lord he in mercy, his Church did defend:
Then let e'ry Christian submit to his Will,
And pray that the Prince may be Prosperous still.

And when a Free-Parliament shall come to Sit,
They may not their faithful Allegiance forget,
But Act what is Honest, both Upright and fair,
Betwixt James our King, and his People with care;
That once more in Peace and much Glory, he may
Wear the Royal Crown, and the Scepter here Sway:
Our Prayers shall be first for to see this great Change,
And next for the King, and the Prince Van Orange

FINIS.

Printed for J. Wright.
Jan. 1688.